

1890.

VOLUME XV.

NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1890.

NUMBER 379.

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RUP  
Children  
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**Mr. Henry M. Stanley**

Has written for

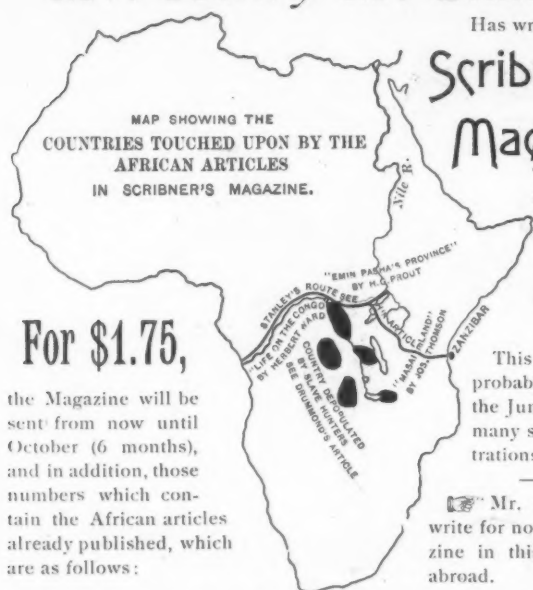
**Scribner's  
Magazine**

about his last  
journey  
across

**AFRICA.**

This article will  
probably appear in  
the June issue, with  
many striking illus-  
trations.

Mr. Stanley will  
write for no other maga-  
zine in this country or  
abroad.



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October (6 months),  
and in addition, those  
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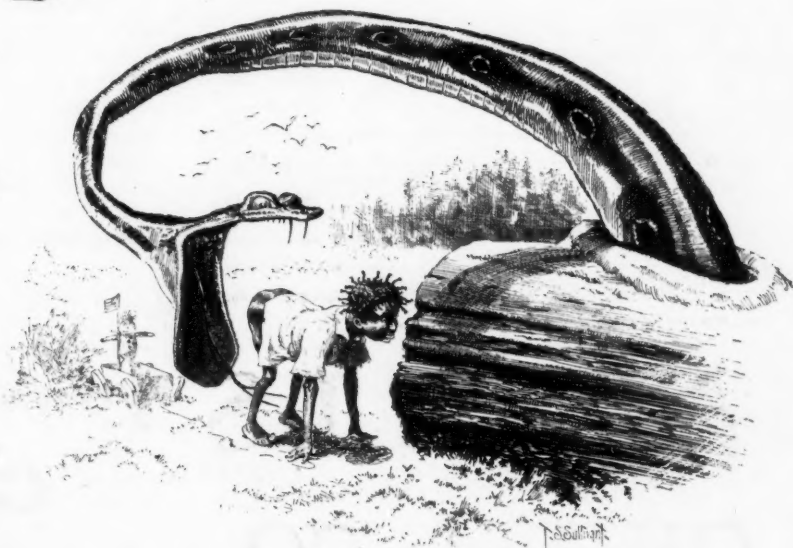
## AT EASTERTIME.

AT Eastertime the joy-bells ring  
 A gladsome greeting to the Spring,  
 And roses deck the chancel rail,  
 With violets sweet and lilies pale,  
 And choir a grand hosanna sing.  
 The little birds take fluttering wing,  
 While trees their pinkening blossoms fling,  
 And brooks come tumbling down the dale,  
 At Eastertime.

My Angelice, with curls which cling  
 'Round eyes that primrose fancies bring,  
 Builds her a hat of flowerets frail.  
 'Neath fetching film of dotted veil,  
 She looks too sweet for anything!

At Eastertime.

Kate Masterson.



Junius Brutus Brown: GOLLY! 'F I DIDN'T SEE SUMP'N MOVIN' IN DAT YER LOG,  
 I'SE MISTOOK.



Winter (before mirror): WINTER LINGERS IN  
 THE LAP OF SPRING, EH? HERE ARE SUMMER  
 FLOWERS ON MY BROW!



AS for the kind of piety that tries to exclude  
 poor people from the innocent and elevating  
 pleasures of life, it is a kind of piety for  
 which the better American has very little  
 respect, and when the trustees of the Metro-  
 politan Museum realize this it will be a fine  
 step in a good direction.

## IN KENTUCKY.

(SCENE: A Hotel Corridor.)

STUMP SPEAKER (about to address a  
 public meeting): Gentlemen —

CROWD (threateningly): Sir-r-r!!!

SPEAKER (unabashed): Colonels —

CROWD: Hear! hear!





"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. XV.

APRIL 3, 1890.

No. 379.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday \$5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., bound, \$30.00; Vol. II., bound, \$10.00; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII. and XIII., bound or in flat numbers, at regular rates. Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Subscribers wishing address changed will greatly facilitate matters by sending old address as well as new.

EASTER this year, even in northern latitudes, comes with a fine, ready-made Spring, which is an encouragement to new bonnets and an enlivener to spirits which may need brightening. It is welcome, for the Winter, though it has not been what the farmers call "hard," has been severe in many senses, and particularly in its mortuary results. In the ever-growing circle of LIFE'S friends there are, doubtless, many who have reason enough to entertain the thoughts that are natural to the season, of the triumph and reassertion of the vital principle—the victory over death.

DEATH is a curious vicissitude that gets a queer sort of half respectful, half fearful, wholly illogical consideration from us mortals. To dwell upon it even by way of extenuation is outside of this journal's province, but if LIFE could change its name and its errand for a week, it might find many things to say of our somber neighbor in whom most of us are so slow to detect the lineaments of a friend. They will be better acquainted some day, life and death, and if the acquaintance is not far less objectionable than most of us seem to think LIFE'S guess is very wide of the mark, and Easter will have proved itself a delusive festival.

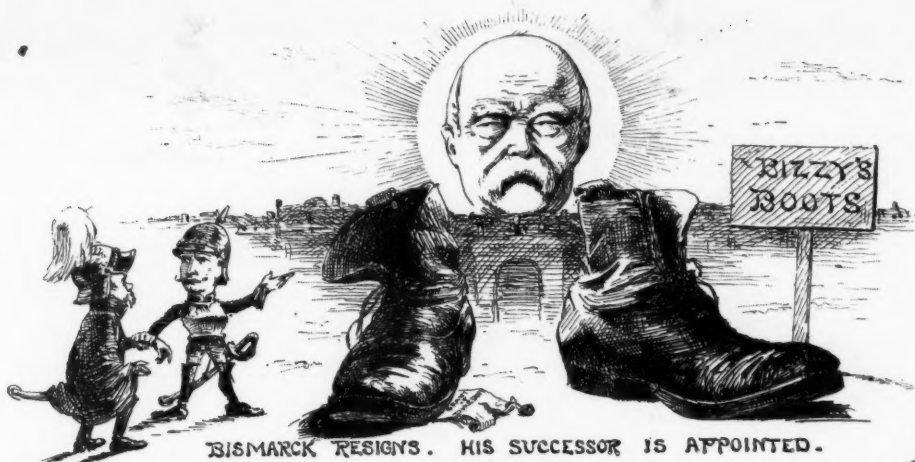
IT is really a surprising thing when you come to look at it, that death does not get more respectful and intelligent consideration. It is really a very important element in human progress; a matter of vicarious experience daily, and something at which each one of us expects to take his turn; but the majority of mankind pay it little attention, except to treat it as a bugaboo and make faces at it. We believe as though we looked upon it as an unmixed evil, and there is scarcely any expedient to which people do not resort to avoid it; and yet every sensible person knows, and can be brought to admit, that so far from being an evil, simple or compound, it is one of the greatest blessings to which we are born; and that without it life would soon become insupportable and progress would vanish from the world. The suggestion is

hereby offered, but with no expectation that it will be fruitful, that a journal published in the interest of death, and devoted to the exposition of its good points, ought to find hosts of readers, and *ought* to succeed. That it *would* succeed LIFE dare not prophecy, for people are notoriously prone to neglect matters to which they ought to attend, and to bend their minds with undistractable attention to matters that concern them not at all, or very remotely.

MEANWHILE, life let us cherish, as our gyrating German friends say. The grass is green already; the buds are swelling; the winter of our discontent—of our hurry and bustle, of hard work and play almost as strenuous—is past, and we are in the transition period when work begins to be a perfunctory finishing up of jobs, and new enterprises are postponed until after the Summer. By a poetic fiction, founded probably on the usages of agriculture, now reported to be almost extinct, Spring postures and flaunts itself as the beginning of the year.

OLD books, written before Brooklyn was hyphenated to New York and New England's rural districts were abandoned, say that in the Spring the farmer sowed seed, which sprang up and ripened in the Summer, and was harvested in the Fall. In the Winter the farmer laid off, and looked upon that as the vacant portion of the year. Very possibly it was as these venerable tomes aver. Agriculture has gone West now, and statements about it cannot easily be verified. What is certain and indisputable, is that now-a-days, when city life is what counts and sets the pace, the year begins about the first of October, whoops and hustles through three months, pleads earnestly for three more, struggles fitfully for another quarter with some brief intervals of cessation until the first of July, when it dies decently in a straw hat and has its remains preserved in cool places for revival late in September.

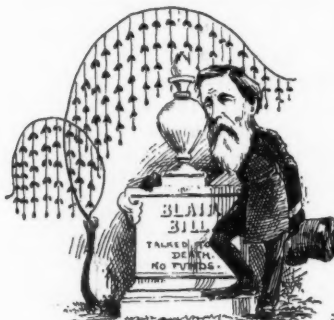
WHATEVER may be the testimony of the Easter bonnets, or of the violets or clover leaves, or of the robins as they nest again, or even of the circus posters, the truth is that the year now runs into the third quarter of which Easter marks the bound. Let us gird up our livers with a few fresh pills, and get, if we can, as much new air in our lungs as will keep us scampering through this quarter also, and then, men and brethren, the hills, the sea, the country, Europe, Maine and the North woods will be for some of us, and the others, however we may sizzle and stew five days in the week, will invite our souls in the other two and still be happy.



BISMARCK RESIGNS. HIS SUCCESSOR IS APPOINTED.



BUFFALO BILL AT ROME.



POOR LITTLE BILL!

## MARCH.

**P**OOOR BISMARCK! He can now probably appreciate Mr. Cardinal Wolsey's appropriate remarks beginning: "Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness," especially that passage which reads "How wretched is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors." But poor Bismarck is not half so wretched as that poor man that has been appointed to try to fill Bismarck's shoes.

**S**ENATOR BLAIR has talked his own educational bill to death, and if the tradition about the cruelty of talking to death be true, we are very sorry for the bill.

**T**HE Pope may get an idea of American civilization from Buffalo Bill's visit to the Eternal City. Of course it is an erroneous idea, but it may have the good effect of deterring the removal of the Vatican to the United States.

**I**N the Chicago vernacular, so far as the World's Fair is concerned, that city has got there with all four feet. If what certain paragraphers say about Chicago feet be true, this is the most serious thing that has yet happened to the World's Fair.



KAISER WILHELM "TRIES TO COAX AN EARTH-QUAKE WITH A RVN."



M<sup>RS</sup> CHICAGO'S GRACEFUL PERFORMANCE ON THE REVOLVING GLOBE.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORN'G.

## BOOKISHNESS

### AN ENGLISH ATTEMPT AT AMERICAN HUMOR.

SINCE the days of Artemas Ward American humorous books and papers have had a strong hold on the British reading public, but no appreciable influence on British humorists. No one has been able to detect in *Punch* the slightest trace of the American manner. With their accustomed wise conservatism, they have been content to import their clowns as they do their Chicago dressed beef.

The work of retaliation is, however, apparently about to begin—indeed, has begun with the republication in this country of a little book which it is said has had quite “an English success”—“*Three Men in a Boat*” (Holt’s), by Jerome K. Jerome. The author has adopted something of Mark Twain’s mock-seriousness and Bill Nye’s devout exaggeration. With this imported timber he has built an English wayside-inn—clean, solid, respectable, but not light and airy after the manner of a prairie ranch-house or a miner’s camp.

It is certainly five years since Americans began to tire of humor that spread itself over three hundred pages, and has for its main element the unutterable silliness of the fictitious characters whose adventures it relates. We demand a good deal of suppression in our humor now—and prefer to have the foot-notes and authorities omitted. American wit has, we believe, a finer edge—a little more subtlety than the article which Mr. Jerome evidently admires. If you don’t believe it, *circumspice*.

AND yet “*Three Men in a Boat*” provides some pretty fair amusement. You will probably be told a dozen times within a month that the hero of it went to the British museum to read up on his physical condition, and came away convinced that he was afflicted with every malady except “housemaid’s knee.” Then, too, the book gives very bright glimpses of what is probably among the pleasantest forms of recreation in the world—boating on the Thames, through miles of delightful English scenery, with picturesque women and stalwart men filling the boats that float by you, with steam launches darting around, and luxurious houseboats anchored here and there.

HERE is another volume of Thomas Adolphus Trollope’s “*What I Remember*” (Harper’s)—the entertaining gossip of a lively octogenarian who in his time has met a great many interesting people. This volume is gleaned from the past twenty-five years, and contains a great deal about Italian politics in a most critical epoch. There are also travel sketches, about picturesque nooks of Europe, and anecdotes of eminent Englishmen and Americans.

The finest thing in it all is the splendid optimism of the old man who at four-score is kindly toward all the world, cheerful in spirit, charitable toward the past and hopeful for the future.

*Droch.*

### NEW BOOKS.

*A HISTORY OF MODERN EUROPE.* By C. A. Fyffe, M.A. Vol. III. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

*Three Men in a Boat.* By Jerome K. Jerome. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

*Lady Baby.* By Dorothea Gerard. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Maria.* By Jorge Isaacs. Translated by Rollo Ogden. An introduction by Thomas Janvier. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Tricks with Cards.* By Professor Hoffmann. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Company.

*Ruy Blas.* Founded on the drama of Victor Hugo. London and New York: Frederick Warne & Company.

*Unsatisfied.* New York: The Minerva Publishing Company.

*What I Remember.* Vol. II. By T. A. Throllope. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*Two Years in the French West Indies.* By Lafcadio Hearn. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*To Europe on a Stretcher.* By V. M. Potter. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company.

### DRAWING HER OUT.

MISS PRIMA: I fear there is nothing in Miss Towels. Did you see her yawn while you were saying such beautiful things to her?

MR. SECUNDUS: Yes, and I kept right on, hoping she would nod next.

MISS PRIMA: Why?

MR. SECUNDUS: I thought it just possible she might talk some in her sleep, you know.



### AT THE CLUB DOOR.

“TA-TA, DINE WITH YOU FRIDAY NIGHT.”

“BUT WHAT IF IT RAINS FRIDAY?”

“THEN WE’LL DINE THURSDAY NIGHT.”



# HOMESTEAD AND HENHOUSE.

A JOURNAL FOR COUNTRY GENTS.

VOL. MLCPIIIQ.

HOBOKEN, APRIL 1, 1890.

No. 303,942.

## SHOULD FARMERS MARRY?

MANY of our readers are young farmers, just starting out in life, and the question of whether it is worth while to marry, is to them a very serious one. In most parts of the United States it is almost impossible to secure good farm-help, and the young farmer will get more work out of a wife than he could out of two hired women. Therefore, as a general rule, we should advise young farmers to marry and for the following reasons:

It costs no more to feed a wife than it does a hired woman; usually not so much, because if a hired woman does not like the food, or does not get enough to eat, she is very apt to leave.

You have to pay a wife no wages. A new calico dress each year and an annual visit to the circus, or to the county fair, takes the place of wages.

A wife will take better care of your clothes and grease your boots properly.

Of course, a wife will be more of a companion than a hired woman. After she has fed the stock and chopped the wood for next day's fires, she may be tired enough to go to bed, but if you tell her to, she will read your HOMESTEAD AND HENHOUSE to you while you take a nap on the sofa.

If she dies it won't cost much to bury her, and it will be easy enough to get another.

## FREE TRADE VS. PROTECTION.

IT has been charged that the HOMESTEAD AND HENHOUSE is paid by capitalists to advocate the cause of Protection. This is not so. We believe that all wide-awake farmers know that Protection is a great deal better for them than Free Trade. If they have to pay twice as much for their sugar, coffee and agricultural implements, this enables millionaires and capitalists in the cities to pay two or three cents more per dozen for their eggs. We are the friend of the farmer and also the friend of Protection.

## HOPE FOR THE FARMERS.

THERE are many farmers in the Eastern States inclined to be easily discouraged, and to accept too readily the statements of idle theorists who think there is no profit in land. For these faint-hearted tillers of the soil we mention the case of Mr. Robert Wakeful, who recently made over ten thousand dollars on less than an acre of ground, and he did it between the first of February and the sixth of March. Before he took the land nothing had been raised on it except the meanest kind of grass, and that was not worth the cutting. Mr. Wakeful did not even break the soil. He allowed the old grass to remain. Those who care for further particulars, can get them by writing to Mr. Wakeful. Our belief is, that the situation of the land had much to do with its success, as it was a corner lot on Madison Avenue.

How to avoid bee stings. Keep far, far away from the bees.

FEEDING swine on asparagus tips, and especially when asparagus is out of season, is an excellent preventive for obesity.



HANOVER.

Record: 11:13 1/4 (seven furlongs.)

dam is Saw Horse, she by Clothes Horse, she by Horse-radish. He is also connected by marriage with Tinker's dam, Continental dam, but not Wortha dam.

Hanover's performances are well-known to the sporting world. Last year he won the Blackwell's Island Handicap in a canter, beating a large field and his owner's friends.

## HANOVER.

HANOVER is a handsome chestnut, forty-two years old the 3d of last December. He stands twenty-six hands high and is equipped with a rotary pump and double compound-pressure fetlocks. His withers are unwrung, and, as will be seen by our portrait, he is of the trim and graceful build which invariably mark the thoroughbred race-horse.

His pedigree is perfect and he comes from high-priced stock, his first sire being the horse for which Richard III. offered a kingdom, with no takers. On his father's side, he is a distant relative of the horse which figured at the siege of Troy. His



THE MAIDEN BLUSH TOMATO.

THIS is a new variety of tomato, lately placed on the market by Messrs. Seedy Bros., whose advertisement will be found in another column. It is named after Miss Lily Seedy, whose portrait we give, showing her surprise at the size of the luscious fruit.

## A GROWING EVIL.

To the Editor of the HOMESTEAD AND HENHOUSE: I am a constant reader of the HOMESTEAD AND HENHOUSE, and I trust you will allow me to protest, in your valuable columns, against a growing evil. I refer to the cruel habit of spanking hens to make them lay. They lay no oftener for this

unmerited punishment, and it often is a source of deep mortification to the recipient. More than once I have seen the mother of a large family, openly spanked in the presence of her offspring



and the other habitues of the farm-yard. A well regulated diet will accomplish far more toward a good crop of eggs than any amount of corporal punishment. The following regime, carefully observed, will produce wonderful results:

For breakfast—Devilled crabs, pine-apple ice-cream and cocoanut cakes. For lunch—Squab, earth worms and a demi tasse of cafe noir. For dinner—Horse-radish, cayenne pepper and sweet breads.

It is important they should drink nothing but sauterne or Chateau Yquem.

F. L. B.

## QUININE TREES.

Farmers in Illinois are securing good results in quinine culture. Five-grain pills planted in March begin to sprout April 1st, and the farmers in this section, besides realizing good profits, have observed that chills and fever have completely disappeared from the neighborhood.



OCTOBER, '89.

Chorus of League Magnates: "WHAT IS THIS AMUSING LITTLE OBJECT."



APRIL, '90.

"GREAT SCOTT! WHO'D A THOUGHT IT WOULD GROW SO BIG IN THIS LITTLE TIME?"

## EASTER BELLS.

## BEFORE CHURCH.

MR. CREAMCHEESE (*putting on his gloves*): My dear, I fear we shall be late.

MRS. CREAMCHEESE (*who isn't nearly ready*): I intend to be, love.

MR. CREAMCHEESE (*surprised*): Indeed!

MRS. CREAMCHEESE: Yes, love! This bonnet will excel any other work of the milliner's art in church this morning, and it must have the benefit of a progress up the centre aisle when all the seats are filled.

MR. CREAMCHEESE: But there is sure to be a crowd to-day, and our pew may be occupied. We can hardly expect to have it reserved for us on Easter morning, you know, Ada.

MRS. CREAMCHEESE: O, the ushers wouldn't dare put any one in our pew.

## IN CHURCH.

MR. SPONDULIX (*whispering to his wife*): Aren't the decorations fine? Those lilies in the chancel are simply exquisite.

MRS. SPONDULIX: Yes, but just look at that horrid Mrs. Creamcheese sailing up the aisle fifteen minutes late! Why don't you make your responses, John?

BOTH (*in unison with rest of the congregation*): And our mouth shall show forth thy praise.

MRS. SPONDULIX: She's always here in time unless she has a new bonnet or a new gown to exhibit.

BOTH (*with congregation*): As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be.

MRS. SPONDULIX: Her new bonnet isn't at all becoming. Her taste is something dreadful.

BOTH (*with congregation*): The Lord's name be praised.

MRS. SPONDULIX (*in a louder whisper*): Good! It serves her right!

BOTH (*with congregation*): Amen!

MR. SPONDULIX (*as congregation sits*): Serves whom right?

MRS. SPONDULIX: Why, don't you see Mrs. Creamcheese's coming down the aisle again, with her face just as red?

MR. SPONDULIX: The choir is doing that anthem very well indeed. What's the matter with Mrs. Creamcheese?

MRS. SPONDULIX: Why, their pew is filled with strangers. Serves her right for coming late to show her bonnet. I hope she's enjoying this

extra exhibition she didn't contemplate. O, there, the McDollers have made room for her. Mr. Creamcheese has to stand with the crowd at the door. I just pity that poor man. Yes, indeed, the choir did that splendidly. Is my hat on straight? It's just as pretty as Mrs. Creamcheese's—every bit. Don't you think so?

MR. SPONDULIX: Ah! Dr. Choker is just beginning his sermon.

MRS. SPONDULIX: O, dear! How tiresome sermons are, especially at Easter.

## AFTER CHURCH.

MR. SPONDULIX (*shaking hand with the rector*): That was a fine sermon you gave us, Doctor.

MR. CHOKER: Glad you liked it.

MRS. SPONDULIX: O, we did, ever so much. I could not help whispering to Mr. S. what a pleasure it was to listen to you. (*To her husband, as Dr. Choker turns to shake hands with another parishoner*) Is my hat on straight?

MISS MABEL: Just to think! Mrs. Creamcheese sat with Mrs. McDoller. Why, she never would notice her before.

MISS AMY: It was Hobson's choice, I think. The Creamcheese pew was full. O, here comes Charlie. How do I look?

MISS MABEL: Just splendid!

CHARLIE (*lifting his hat*): I hope you young ladies enjoyed the service.

BOTH: Yes, indeed! Didn't you?

CHARLIE: Can't say I did. My new bonnet didn't come home in time.

MISS AMY: O, you dreadful boy!

MISS MABEL: That's real unkind!

CHARLIE: I see that both of yours did, and how well they become you, too. Well, I must turn off here. Good morning!

MISS AMY: Isn't he splendid?

MISS MABEL: Yes, indeed! I quite envy you his attentions.

MRS. CREAMCHEESE (*as the carriage rolls homeward*): Charles!

MR. CREAMCHEESE: Well?

MRS. CREAMCHEESE: I want you to make the vestrymen discharge every one of those ushers!

Wm. H. Siviter.





THE PITY OF IT.

*He:* THEY ARE IN GREAT TROUBLE HERE AT DAWSON'S, YOU KNOW.

*She:* THEY ARE! WHAT ABOUT?

*He:* WHY, DAWSON'S *chef* RAN OFF WITH HIS DAUGHTER THIS MORNING, AND DAWSON HAD INVITED HALF THE TOWN TO A BIG DINNER TO-NIGHT. DAWSON SAYS HE'LL DISCHARGE HIM IF HE *IS* HIS SON-IN-LAW TEN TIMES OVER.









## COULD MEASURE IT.

"HOW LONG WAS BRONSON'S SPEECH?"

"I DON'T KNOW. I DIDN'T HAVE MY GAS METER WITH ME."



## THE VERY LATEST.

SCRUBBING BRUSHES AND SAUSAGES.

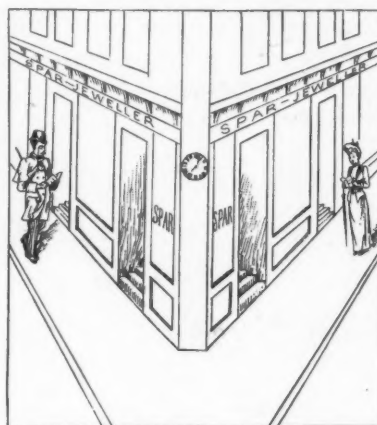
## MY PROBLEM.

SOONER or later in life there comes  
To each and every one,  
Some trying problem to be solved,  
And, 'tisn't always done.

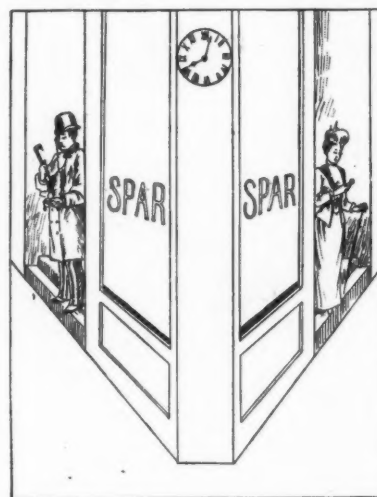
My problem deep, o'er which to solve,  
In vain I daily strive;  
Is—how to make *one* dollar bill  
Go just as far as *five*.

Mary G. Heckle.

## THE RENDEZVOUS.



CHARLES AND ANGELINA ARE TO MEET AT  
HE DOOR OF SPAR, THE JEWELER, AT SEVEN  
PRECISELY.



Angelina: }  
Charles: } "WAS THERE EVER A { MAN  
WHO KNEW THE WORTH OF TIME?" { WOMAN

EN ROUTE.

SCENE: Parlor car on N. Y. & New Haven R. R.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: Young lady of period and young man of ditto.

HE: Can you tell me which American city you like the best?

SHE: Well, really, I cannot make up my mind between New York and Boston!

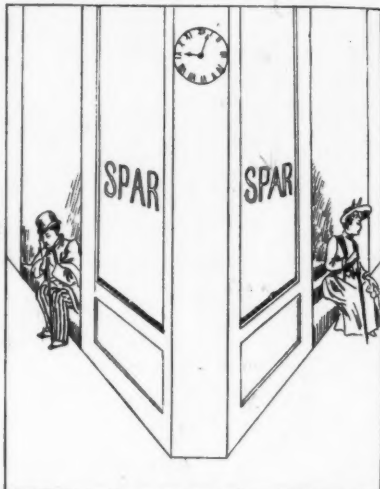
HE: Yes. Six hours is a short time.

READY FOR EASTER.

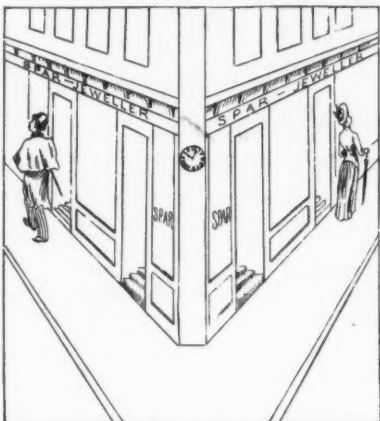
"DID you dye these eggs?"

"No. I think they were dead when they got here."

THE "prominent citizen" has become a sort of back-number, but the influenzial citizen has shown up in great force this winter.



"HOPE DEFERRED MAKETH THE HEART SICK."



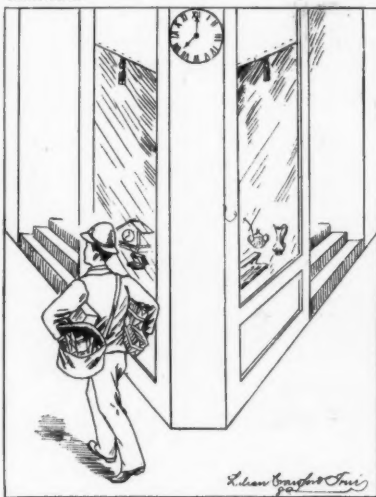
Charles: HATH HEAVEN ITSELF A LOVE  
Angelina: THAT IS REAL?



Patron: SEE HERE, WAITER, I LIKE GAME A LITTLE HIGH, BUT THE EIFFEL TOWER WOULDN'T REACH THAT DUCK.

VISITOR (in court room): What dastardly crime was committed by the prisoner who was just convicted?

"He stole a ride on a railroad." "And the man who got free?" "He stole the railroad."



Next morning. — CHARLES AND ANGELINA  
RETURN A FEW LETTERS

ATLAS supported the world but  
who supported Atlas?  
His wife probably took in washing.



THE ANTI-SAND-BAG OUTFIT.



## THE SEASON.

WHEN winter's death the coal man mourns

And sweet the south wind blows,

The maiden's fancy lightly turns

To thoughts of new spring clothes.—*Boston Courier.*

"I must be going," he said, consulting his watch. "I have a business appointment and time presses."

"Time presses?" she echoed. "Good for Time!"—*Boston Courier.*

CHAUNCEY DEPEW says: In the Berkshire Hills there was a funeral, and as they gathered in the little parlor, there came the typical New England female, who mingles curiosity with her sympathy, and, as she glanced around the darkened room, she said to the bereaved widow:

"Where did you get that new eight-day clock?"

"We ain't got no new eight-day clock," was the reply.

"You ain't? What's that in the corner there?"

"Why, no, that's not an eight-day clock; that's the deceased. We stood him on end to make room for the mourners."—*Argonaut.*

EXTRACT from Historical Lecture.—"In those stormy times the fate of Germany hung upon a slender thread, but that slender thread was Charles the Fat."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

FRIEND: Well, Patrick, how do you like your new place?

PATRICK (who has recently started in as a coachman): Couldn't be better. Faith, the master buys the horses and the carriages, and it's meself as has all the fun o' drivin'.—*Boston Budget.*

A BULLY is charged with having fired a pistol at another man, luckily without hitting him, and the latter in return dealt his opponent a blow with a stick.

Counsel for the defence (describing the scene): "... The discussion grew animated ... (in a low voice) my client happened to let off his tiny pocket pistol ... (in stentorian tones) when his opponent retorted by dealing him a ferocious blow with his cudgel."—*Il Caffaro.*

"FELLOW-CITIZENS," said the candidate, "I have fought against the Indians. I have often had no bed but the battlefield, and no canopy but the sky. I have marched over the frozen ground, till every step has been marked with blood."

His story told well, till a dried-up looking voter came to the front.

"Did yer say yer'd fought for the Union?"

"Yes," replied the candidate.

"And agin the Indians?"

"Yes, many a time."

"And that you had slept on the ground with only the sky for a kiver?"

"Certainly."

"And that your feet bled in marching over the frozen ground?"

"That they did," cried the exultant candidate.

"Then I'll be darned if you hain't done enough for your country. Go home and rest. I'll vote for the other fellow."

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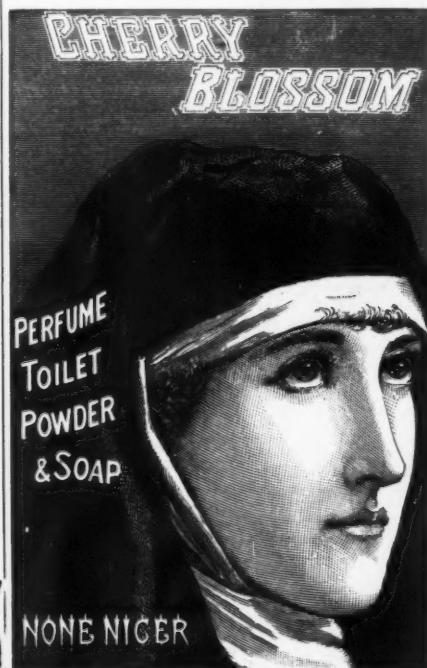
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In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On Jan. 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.